

UNCLE JONES.  
Uncle Jones, what makes your head so white?  
And your shoulders stand so low?  
Just look at your hands, how they shiver and  
shake.  
And your steps are so feeble and slow."

DAHLIA.  
A young Dahlia all Jim,  
Now she's a widow all alone.  
I was sound in wife and son,  
Oliver's could not have been best,  
I was strong at light of heart;  
I had been born an' raised on his land—  
and I never thought we could part.

WILLOW.  
Many a happy year we passed,  
How who we were growing old,  
Our trouble began, for my massen got broke,  
All the world all to be sold.  
The old man's heart took—  
Oh massen's heart took—  
My wife's impudent while ailed,  
And I'll tell you the farm."

UNCLE JONES.  
Uncle Jones, the old folk are free!  
The Yankees have set them free!  
No one can buy or sell you now,  
None than Jim or me!

UNCLE JONES.  
Uncle Jones, the good times have come,  
And all the black folks are free,  
And each man who can work can win a home  
Or a place to live in.

But I am old an' feebly grown—  
And the old man heaved a sigh—  
Wife an' children I have none,  
An' Jim is free but to die!"

## JIM SHANKS.

The boys used to say that you couldn't understand a man until you had tented with him at the front, and there was considerable weight to the saying. A comrade might be known as a jolly, good-humored fellow at home, but his whole nature would change in a week when you had him where the real manhood and worth of a man came to the surface, or where miserably mean spirit took the place of it and disgusted you with him. A comrade who shared his last cracker, performed his full share of camp and field work, stood by you in sickness and divided clothing with you in health—such a man was more to you than all the brothers at home, and if he lived to come out of the war has not been forgotten. The army is the place where a man can be meaner than dirt and uglier than a wolf, and yet retain his place in the ranks, or he can be a white man all through and receive no reward except the gratitude of his tent-mates.

Now, I never saw a meaner private soldier or a more sulky and morose tempter than luck gave me in the year of 1864. He came down in the fall a recruit, having enlisted for the big bounty, and at that time the old vets who had faced shots and shells for several years had an edge over feeling against these "fresh fish" who had pocketed five or six hundred dollars and came down to spend the winter in a warm hut. Some of the recruits realized this, and by their good nature and pleasant ways soon banished the feeling so far as they were concerned. Others were mettlesome and indignant, and were not inclined that the old vets should get relieved of one single camp duty because of the arrival of new men.

Fate or luck sent me "Jim Shanks" for a tent-mate. He was Jim some one else, but the nickname was very appropriate. He was dogged and sulken from the first, and we hadn't known each other two hours before we had a quarrel. Next day we fought again, and after that we did not exchange a word for four weeks. When I saw how mean he was, and found that kind words, kind wishes and a friendly interest would not touch him, I let him alone as far as I could, and contented myself with knowing that every member of company "E" hated him as much as I did.

One night a band of twenty-five men moved out of our camp for a scout across the Loudon valley, then held by Mosby, and luck placed Jim Shanks alongside of me. He was selected by accident, it being the intention to take a better man, but he was just the same silent, sulken, and ready to elbow or bayonet anyone who accidentally brushed him. That night as we filed along the muddy highway, speaking only in whispers, I saw Jim in front of me and I whispered to myself:

"Jim Shanks, if you don't get killed down here you'll be hung for murder before you are out of the army a year!"

Just in the gray of morning, and when within a mile of Union Town, Jim Shanks and myself were sent forward to reconnoiter. I would have sooner gone alone, and ten times sooner had the company of any one else, but luck decided it. We said not a word. I watched Jim and saw that he was as cool as an old soldier. He knew as well as I did that we were advancing on Mosby's headquarters, but he stepped out boldly and with no change in his demeanor.

When we had nearly reached the church, standing on the hill above the town and facing the road leading away to Leesburg, I halted, knowing that a picket post must be near. I had not exchanged a word with Jim for days, but now I whispered to him that we must proceed with caution.

"If you are tired, sit down in the mud," he growled, striding along, and after a minute I followed him, both of us walking on the side of the highway. I knew he would soon strike the picket, but it was either follow Jim or turn back. Suddenly, and without a word, five or six men rose up in our path. I had barely discerned them when one seized my carbine and another tripped me down, while a third growled out:

"If you make any noise, you'll get a bullet mighty quick."

I didn't propose to make any fuss, but Jim Shanks did. The two men who grabbed at him were brushed off like flies, and whirling his carbine around his head, he cleared a path for himself and was lost in the darkness. More than a dozen shots were fired after him, and being, intercepted on his retreat down the road he made for the church on the hill. Before he reached it there were a score of enemies about him, and the reports of the carbines sounded more like a brisk skirmish than a conflict with a single soldier, and a raw recruit at that. I think he meant to get into the church, though he could not have told whether it was a church or other building in the pitchy darkness. Falling to get in, he found a retreat under the front steps, and in the darkness the

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confederates believed that he had escaped altogether. They, however, threw a line of videttes across roads and fields, and it would not have been possible for Jim Shanks to regain the road by which we had come.

Had the rest of the command moved up on hearing the noise, there might have been a show to please both of us, but they did not come. By the time the soldiers had given up the search for Jim our comrades were on the back track for the Potowatamie.

I was retained at the picket-post because Moisy's henchmen were there, and because it hoped to make a fight into giving information. I was, therefore, in position to see the results of Jim Shanks' work, and I waited and alone. When he came I was unable to recognize him, and I saw the marks of his flight he killed one and wounded two others. Wounded and dead were brought to the picket-post, and I saw them. Moisy's men were terribly incensed, and but for the fear of an attack by our force, whose strength they did not know, I believe, they would have hung me up in their first rage.

It was the guerrilla chieftain's last dash into the beautiful valley. He was gathering forces and hurrying it back to Lee's lines, and many farmers were robbed of their last horses and their last ear of corn. In three days more they would have been out of the valley entirely.

At the first signs of daylight, and when the old church on the hill was visible through the gray of morning, came a bullet which bored a soldier through and though and dropped him dead in his tracks. It was from the carbine of Jim Shanks. Hiding under the steps, he had only waited for daylight to open the fight anew—not waiting to be hunted out and captured. All was excitement in an instant, and as soon as Jim's location was betrayed the guerrillas scattered and formed a skirmish line. The fire of this line was concentrated on the steps, and a bullet which bore a soldier through and though and dropped him dead in his tracks. It was from the carbine of Jim Shanks. Hiding under the steps, he had only waited for daylight to open the fight anew—not waiting to be hunted out and captured. All was excitement in an instant, and as soon as Jim's location was betrayed the guerrillas scattered and formed a skirmish line. 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## FARM AND HOME.

CHICKEN CHOLERA.

Chicken cholera proceeds simply from indigestion, and this is caused by bad food, over fatigue and unrest, brought about by the presence of vermin in great quantities on the body. It disorders the whole system. Too many fowls, either old or young, should never be herded together. Chicken cholera, as well as most other fowl diseases, is no more contagious than a common cold. The same feed and the same atmosphere that affect one affect all alike, hence the idea of contagion. A hen will not lay unless she is well, hearty, and healthy. In the opinion of the writer, a laying hen is unfit for table use. A regular sister is preferable. The flesh of a layer is apt to be tough, whereas the flesh of a sitting hen, especially if an Asiatic, will be sweet, tender, and juicy. Many people do not consider fowls suitable for table use until they have been confined and fed on good sweet grain or meal for a certain length of time. Certainly it is compact fowls are not over choice about their food, and all poultry have a more or less indolent appetite, be they ever so choicely bred and matured. Therefore it behoves us, since the flesh savors of the material that produces it, to fatten our chicks in cleanly quarters, and upon good feed, for a certain period. —[C. B. in Country Gentleman.]

### origin of the Domestic Turkey.

Many suppose from the turkey originated in the east. Not only does the English name give support to this belief, but the French name, dindon, a contraction of Oiseau d'Inde, (bird of India) shows that the same is held in Europe. Prof. S. T. Baird, of the Smithsonian Institution, has investigated the subject, and finds that we have two distinct species of turkey in North America.

One, confined to the more eastern and southern states; the other, to the southern Rocky mountains and adjacent parts of Texas, New Mexico, Colorado and Arizona. It is from the Mexican species, and not from that of eastern North America, that this domestic turkey is derived.

One of the points of difference between the two is the color of the tips of the tail-feathers and of the feathers overlaying the base of the tail. These are creamy or yellowish white in the Mexican and typical barn-yard birds, while in the wild turkey of eastern North America the same parts are of a chestnut brown color.

### The Domestic Turkey was introduced into England in 1610, and some years later became sufficiently abundant to afford the farmer his Christmas dinner. When the Spaniards conquered Mexico the turkey was found in a domesticated state, and it probably had been reared there for centuries before its introduction.

### Rail-Proof Smoke-House.

Rats have, for long years, been greatly destructive to every kind of meat attempted to be carried in our country smoke-houses. This year I built one, 16 feet square, with 10 feet pitch, after the following plan: It is framed with sills, plates, sleepers, joists and rafters, as other frame houses are, with these differences—instead of a regular set of studs two feet apart between the corner posts, I put one stud in the middle on three sides, and two on the fourth side, where the door is put for door posts. I then ran a garden rail horizontally across, half-way between the sills and the plates. This framing constitutes the difference on the four sides. The sleepers (near the ground) are halved at each end into the sills, so as to be even or flush on the top, that the one and a half-inch oak plank flooring will lay flat on the bats (all of them) and the sleepers, to prevent the rat from resting on the bats while cutting through the floors; the sides (all four) are covered with inch undressed pine plank nailed on horizontally outside; plank of the same kind is then nailed on perpendicularly to the horizontal plank, making the sides two inches thick (double and crossed); the outside joints of the perpendicular outside plank is broken by nailing on strips of plank all around four inches wide and three-quarters of an inch thick; this, with an ordinary roof of shingles or tin (shingles the best), make a smoke-house, or any other house rat proof, proof, by far harder to burn down, because of the planking laying solid together and not open and lapped as in the case of weather-boarding and ceiling; makes the house perfectly dark, which is very essential to keeping out flies, also so tight that it is necessary to bore holes to ventilate it, besides making it doubly as strong as the ordinary mode of building such houses. —[Geo. Watt in Southern Planter.]

### HOUSEHOLD HELPS.

BEEFSTEAK, MADRID STYLE.—Take a piece of rump steak about three-quarters of an inch thick. Trim it neatly and beat it with the cutlet-beat, sprinkle it with pepper, dip it in oil, and broil it over a clean fire. Turn it after it has been on the fire a minute or two, and keep turning until done; eight or ten minutes will do it. Sprinkle it with salt, and serve with a small quantity of finely mixed parsley and a piece of butter mixed together, and placed over or under the steak. Garnish with fried potatoes.

### When to Eat Fruit.

There is a rule on board steamers going to the tropical ports against the admission of board passengers. It is based on the fact that the passengers drinking wines or alcoholic liquors are sure to die if they eat the fruit, as the liquor taken into the stomach acts as a preservative of the fruit and prevents its digestion. The Spanish proverb has it: "Fruit is golden in the morning, silver at noon, but lead at night." Americans do not seem to have heard of this proverb, nor to have one of their own experience. Mostly, they eat fruit at night, and hence have not the sovereign idea of it that they would have if they had eaten it at more proper times. They eat it as dessert at dinner. This may be the most proper time to eat dried fruits, but it is not the right time to eat juicy ones. The Spanish people learned their proverb from eating very juicy fruits, like oranges. They should be eaten in the morning. Early in the day they will, if eaten, prove to be the best possible medicine for the evil that is present for the evil that is

## RELIGIOUS READING.

### OUR LOSS.

They never quite leave us, our friends who have passed through the shadows of death to the sunlight above; A thousand sweet memories are holding them fast to the places they blessed with their presence and love. The work which they left and the books which they left, and we feel that their weakness is pained by the place where it is not. There is enough in this world to complain about and find fault with, if men have the disposition. We often travel on a hard and uneven road; but with a cheerful spirit, we may walk therein with comfort, and come to the end of our journey in peace. —[Baptist Weekly.]

### Cure for Domestic Unhappiness.

To COOK SQUASH.—The small scalloped squash should be boiled in salted water until you can pierce them easily with a fork; then lay in a sieve to drain and as soon as they are cool enough to handle, scrape off the skin, cut them open, take out the seeds and pulp and return the pieces of squash to the saucepan. Mash smooth, season with pepper, salt and butter, and serve. The Boston and Hubbard varieties may be peeled, cut into small pieces and boiled until done; then drain, mash and season as before. Another nice way of preparing squash for the table or pies is to cut them in two, lay in a baking pan and bake until done in a moderate oven. Cooked in this way they will always be dry.

PICKLETT.—Four large, crisp cabbages, cut fine; one quart onions, chopped fine; two quarts vinegar, or enough to cover the cabbage; two pounds of brown sugar; two tablespoomfuls ground mustard; two tablespoomfuls black pepper; two tablespoomfuls cinnamon; two tablespoomfuls cloves; one tablespoomful allspice; one tablespoomful mace; Pack the cabbage and onions in alternate layers, with a little salt between them. Let them stand until next day. Then seal the vinegar, sugar and spices together, and pour over the cabbage and onion. Do this three mornings in succession. On the fourth, put all together over the fire and heat to a boil. Let them boil five minutes. When cold, pack in small jars. It is fit for use as soon as cold, but keep well.

EXCELLENCE OF OATMEAL.—Liebig has chemically demonstrated that oatmeal is almost as nutritious as the very best English beef, and that it is richer than wheat bread in the elements that go to form bone and muscle. Professor Forbes, of Edinburgh, during some 20 years, measured the breadth and height, and also tested the strength of both arms and loins of the students of the university—a very numerous class and of various nationalities drawn to Edinburgh by the fame of his teaching. He found that in height, breadth of chest and shoulders, and strength of arms and loins, the Belgians were at the bottom of the list; a little above them, the French; very much higher, the English; and highest of all, the Scotch and Scotch-Irish from Ulster, who, like the natives of Scotland, are fed in their earlier years at least one meal a day of oatmeal porridge.

### Habits of Men.

We once heard of a family who spent their summer evenings at the front door, making remarks about people who passed. The spirit of criticism and gossip so laid hold of them that when winter came they could hardly stay away from the parlor windows, and usually posted one of their children to report when anyone was coming. The signal brought the mother and daughter away from the midst of pressing care. Brownie was dropped, hands taken from the half-kneaded dough, dinners were allowed to burn and bubble to cry—everything was given up for the time being rather than miss the sight of a neighbor, and know for a certainty how she walked and what she had on. The disposition to do this seemed to be a hereditary trait, which was likely to grow stronger from the fact that it was so assiduously cultivated. The grandmother was reported to know more about other people's business than anybody else, and the little ones of the third generation, before they had reached the first decade of their years, had learned to look into windows, construct stories out of limited material, and even invent them without any foundation. People were a little shy of the connection and were careful how they spoke even in the presence of the old lady's grandchildren. Anything said by a member of that family was received with the same allowance.

The mischievous girls of the town amused themselves by watching this propensity. They would divide themselves into squads, one of which would call, and allow the other to pass, to see what remark would be made. Those who had passed would return and stop, and allow the first party to leave, affording an opportunity for criticism upon them. Then there would be a comparing of notes, and a "call altogether," just to note how serene hypocrites could be.

There was not, there could not be, any confidence in those people. They were insincere, and everybody knew it. Even the profers of kindness they made in cases of domestic affliction and distress were not accepted, when it could be helped; for there was a constant dread that the sanctities of the sick-chamber would be violated, and family affairs not only exposed, but misconstrued and exaggerated, so as to be productive of false and unpleasant impressions.

Mr. J. Hasbrouck writes to the Bee-keeper's Magazine that his attention was lately called to some fine-looking comb-honey sold by a grocer in Wiesbaden. He bought some of it at twenty-five cents a pound. It was very white, put up in the neatest possible box, and was altogether the finest looking honey he had seen this season. It had a nice flavor of pennyroyal, and was unlike glucose that he decided that his friend's suspicion were wrong, and that it really was honey. It was placed on the tea-table with some clover honey, and although his family all preferred the comb on account of its fine appearance, the unanimous decision after tasting was that the honey was not good. It was then thoroughly analyzed, and found to be "simply glucose diluted with water and flavored." Mr. Hasbrouck carried a sample to New York, and veterans in the honey almost invariably pronounced it as splendid honey until they saw it tested.

This is carrying the matter altogether too far. It is well enough to manufacture honey comb for saving the labor of bees, so long as they are allowed to furnish the honey. There is no objection to the selling of paraffine cells filled with glucose as a cheap substitute for the industrial product of bees, if any one wishes to eat it. But to sell such combs for honey, at the price of honey, is the refinement of swindling, and ought to be punished as such.

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to come.

Religion makes the heart cheerful; and when its large and benevolent principles are exercised, men will be happy in spite of themselves. The industrious bee does not complain that there are so many poisonous flowers and thorny branches in his road, but buzzes on, selecting the honey where he can find it, and passing quietly by the place where it is not. There is enough in this world to complain about and find fault with, if men have the disposition. We often travel on a hard and uneven road; but with a cheerful spirit, we may walk therein with comfort, and come to the end of our journey in peace. —[Baptist Weekly.]

## SERVING DINNER.

### How it Should be Done According to Modern Methods.

The table should be carefully laid, folds of the table-cloth in line, two large napkins placed at the head and foot of the table with corners to the center, every plate wiped before being set upon the table, the glass clear, the silver polished, the salt-cellars filled with fresh sifted salt. (A little stamp upon the salt improves the appearance.) When the plates are laid, two forks should be put on the left hand, a knife and a soup spoon on the right, large spoons crossed at each salt-cellars, and salt-spoons on the top; tumblers and wine-glasses on the right hand at each plate, a napkin folded with a piece of stale bread within its folds, the cup-plates placed in the plate at the head of the table, and the napkin in the upper one. Soupladle, gravy spoon, and carving knife and fork go before the meat; fish-towel (if there is fish for dinner), gravy spoon and carving knife after the meat. The utensils should be thoroughly and satisfactorily washed and dried; the cutlery should be polished and bright. The service of the table should be laid with a white cloth, the silver, plates, fingerbowls, which will be used during dinner, arranged tastefully upon it; the castors, a pat of butter with ice upon it, and one or two spare napkins, making it a pretty object.

When the soup is on the table, let the waiters come quietly and say, "Dinner is served." A good waiter makes no noise. She will stand at the dining-room door till the family has passed in, and then take her place by her mistress to hand the soup. When the soup course is over, the waitress takes off the plates, one in each hand and takes them to the pantry, or to a tray outside the door. Permit no piling of plates as they are soiled plates to be placed on the side-table. As the soup is removed hot plates should be ready for fish or meat, and as the waitress places the hot plate before the dinner, she removes the cold plate to the side-table. Fish should be served alone—no vegetables. Salad is the only thing allowable with fish. If fish is boiled, a lemon, cut in quarters, should be handed, to be squeezed upon the fish unless fish-sauce is preferred. With salmon, thinly cut slices of cucumber, dressed with pepper, salt and vinegar, should be served. Before the fish is removed, the fish-towel and spoon should be taken off on a tray or plate; before the meat is removed, the carving-knife and fork and gravy-spoon should be carefully taken on a plate or tray. After the meat and plates are removed, the unused silver should be taken off, then the salt-cellars. The table being cleared the crumbs should be taken off with a crumb-knife or with a napkin upon a plate; then the spare napkins should be taken off by the four corners.

Place upon the table the desert-plates, and spoons, and forks, if for pudding or sweets of any kind; if for fruit, a plate with a colored doily, a finger-bowl, and a silver knife and fork. If coffee is served it should be placed on a tray, with coffee-cups and sugar, at the head of the table. The old fashion of a polished and bare table with fruit basket gone out, except where an elaborate table and men-servants are kept.

**Brijah and His Boots.**

Dotted Free Press.

"What on earth ails you this time?" sharply demanded the court, as Brijah limped across the path to his desk. "Boots," was his brief reply.

"Who booted you?"

"I want it understood that I've got a new pair of boots, and that they hurt my feet!" answered the janitor.

"Where are they—show 'em to me?"

Brijah limped into the corridor and brought out one. He was a little pale around the mouth, and his voice trembled as he said:

"It's plenty big enough, but the heel don't set right."

His Honor looked from the boot to Brijah's foot and back, and a look of horror settled down upon his face as he said:

"Well, I'm now ready to lay down and die! When a man seventy-eight years old, bald-headed, ugly-looking, and with a tooth out, has to wear a new pair of boots, and they hurt his feet, he is bound to be a sorry customer."

He is the haunt of all men one degree higher in the social scale than mechanics—in fact, of those who "wear a coat," as the Frenchmen say. It is the ambition of every right-thinking artisan to "sport a coat," it follows that, on the whole, many more frequent cases of appendicitis, constipation, etc., occur among persons of the upper classes than among mechanics.

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**THE HICKMAN COURIER,**  
FRIDAY, FEB. 21, 1879

Short communications on public questions printed—but not responsible sentiments or expressions of correspondents—except where we refuse to give name of author.

**Citizen Tax-Payers!**

I do not wish to be considered harsh, nor do I wish to speculate on your delinquency. But I am constrained to tell you candidly who have not paid their taxes for the year 1878, \$100.00 or less, the same will be paid promptly I shall levy upon and sell your property. Remember that the law allows fifty cents for every day and six percent additional, all of which must be paid before the tax becomes due. Shall I make these costs, or will you pay up and save it? That is the question. I mean business.

Respectfully,  
J. B. WALKER, Sheriff.

**Local Items.**

DR. RAGLAND, the proprietor of England's Lightning Relief, a splendid remedy, visited Hickman this week.

Dr. Ragland's celebrated Lightning Balsam is a sure cure for rheumatism and neuralgia. For sale by Buck & Cowgill.

COL. J. H. HICKMAN, the greatator, lectured at Fulton on this county last Saturday.

In your liver troubles you buy Simon's Liver Medicine, in green wrapper. Buck & Cowgill.

Ploughing is the order of the day with the industrious and provident farmer.

DR. PARKER, a skillful Dentist, recently of Jackson, Tenn., has arrived in Hickman, and has located here for the practice of his profession.

**Piano for Sale.**  
Piano at J. Amberg's Sons.  
H. C. AMBERG.

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**ERRATA**—In the published proceedings of the Democratic Convention last week, the names of the delegates to the State Convention were left out. They are: H. A. Tyler, Geo. Warren, T. C. Parker, Taylor Bard, Dr. F. M. Usher, G. S. Miles, W. L. Alexander, N. M. Hammonds, Deb Watson and Wm. Tyler, and all other good Democrats of the county.

**PERSONAL**—Prof. Oliver Guinard, portrait painter, with whose work we assist this community is well acquainted, has returned to Hickman, and has taken rooms at the Laddie House. He has just completed a life sized portrait of our townsmen, Mr. Dee Barnes, which is commanded by all as an excellent life-like picture. It is on exhibition at the house of J. H. Plant & Bro.

**HICKMAN AND ST. LOUIS PACKET LINE**—The steamers Du Smet and the Nashville are organized into a line to carry freight from St. Louis to Hickman, and thence south by rail, and will be known as the Du Smet line. We are informed that this line is now bringing freight from 15 to 20 percent lower than the Anchor line. Shippers should make no mistake here.

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HOW TO ESCAPE JURY SERVICE—The organization of a fire company in Hickman has brought up a new view to some of our business men and citizens, who are frequently required to leave their business to serve on the jury, and that is that all members of a fire company are "except from serving on juries and from military duty in time of peace." After twelve years faithful service they are exempted from such duties forever. To escape the juries some men are anxious to "roll out of machine."

A LIBERAL PROPOSITION—We publish in this issue of the Courier a card from Mr. H. A. Tyler, the owner of the bulk of the bonded indebtedness of the city of Hickman, in which he voluntarily makes the proposition to the city, or to our citizens, to compromise the existing city debt at 60 cents on the dollar, on conditions named. We are forced to consider this a fair and liberal proposition, and one which, if taken at its face value, will save the city about \$100,000. Under the proposition the present bond owners agree, unconditionally, to lose 40 cents on the dollar, and to transfer such debts and securities as they now hold to the city or citizens rather who may aid the city in this compromise movement.

THE PRESENT POSITION.—The present bonds, all know, are being paid promptly, interest and principal, and are about as perfectly secured as law can make; and each citizen who may invest under the proposition gets dollars for dollar in paper that is bearing 6 percent interest. The arrangement, if effected, would save the town about \$10,000, and would equalize the burden, or privilege, if you so consider it, of carrying the city debt. The larger tax payers could lose nothing by carrying, say, even \$300 or \$1,000 worth of these bonds, for outside of bearing interest and being promptly met as they fall due, in cash, the larger tax payers would soon consume in payment of taxes.

CLEANING UP IN EARNESS—We are glad to note that some of our leading property owners have commenced the work of cleaning up in earnest. Some houses, condemned, are being torn down, the lots raised and properly graded, and proper sewers will be built by the city and by the owners. Mr. E. Case, who is, and has always been, anxious in favor of strict sanitary measures, has torn down the old copper shop on Jackson St., and when the lot is properly graded will immediately erect a new building in its stead.

Messrs. Tyler, Amberg, Wilting, and others, are thorough at work.

The Bette Hotel is to be torn down, and numerous other condemned property will share the same fate.

Now that the leading property owners and the authorities are moving in earnest, let each citizen black or white, rich or poor, male or female, do their part. We hope the rest may not have to force any one. Let us have a town that, for cleanliness, will challenge the admiration of everybody.

**A Proposition to the City of Hickman.**

**Chance to Save \$10,000.**

**Editor Hickman Courier:**  
Times are hard I know, and taxes for any purpose are onerous; and as there seems to be several public spirited citizens (?) in this town who seem to be greatly interested in the welfare of our city, debt, and are desirous of its being discharged, I propose to put them to the test.

It is well known that I own three fourths of the city's bonds. I bought them at the rate of 60 cents on the dollar eight years ago, and funded them for ten years bonds. It will be remembered that the character of the old bonds was such that they were receivable in payment of all taxes due and were due, and, in consequence of the then foreign condition, got up all the revenue and we had nothing left to keep our streets in order, and every one will readily see where the bonds were received.

Now the bonds cost me, at the time of average of 60 cents on the dollar.

It is my opinion that if the city could raise the money she might have at that price. I say the same to-day, on condition the other bondholders will do the same, and as far as legislation is concerned, they had fallen in with the law giving said officers

revenue, and accordingly the bonds

are reasonably fair in some instances, and often circulate through various parties through nervous apprehension. The people of Hickman have suffered enough, and we appeal to the nobler sentiment of our country people not to heed these false reports.

BURGLARS AGAIN AT WORK.—The dwelling house of W. L. McCord was entered last night, and sundry articles of stocking stolen. The burglar broke the shutters to the window and entered the house through the front door. He took the lamp and helped himself. Mr. McCord and family were at home, but he could find him to nothing, and again went to sleep. In the morning the broken lamp was found burning, sundry articles of wearing apparel missing, and a large bag of coins found, while the robbers had secreted in the yard. Such robberies are frequent of late, and special vigilance should be exercised. It would be a good idea for families to keep a loaded shotgun convenient and fire these night-prowlers a load of buckshot. This remedy, promptly administered, will do more of the robbers.

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Messrs. Tyler, Amberg, Wilting, and others, are thorough at work.

The Bette Hotel is to be torn down, and numerous other condemned property will share the same fate.

Now that the leading property owners and the authorities are moving in earnest, let each citizen black or white, rich or poor, male or female, do their part. We hope the rest may not have to force any one. Let us have a town that, for cleanliness, will challenge the admiration of everybody.

**GUINARD'S STUDIO**—In Guinard's studio, Laddie House, Prof. Guinard is just finishing a life-size portrait of that noble-hearted old man, Mr. Tom. J. Buck, who sacrificed his life at the post of duty in the late epidemic. It is pronounced a true likeness. The portrait is being painted under difficulties, being drawn from an old picture and from memory.

**FALSE REPORTS**—Several parties have told us that a report prevails in the country, and about Union City in particular, to the effect that there were six or eight cases of yellow fever in Hickman. This is not a word of truth in the report. The people of Hickman have enjoyed excellent health the entire winter—not a single sickness of any kind prevailing, not even pneumonia, which has prevailed very generally over the country. These reports are maliciously false in some instances, and often circulated by ignorant parties through nervous apprehension. The people of Hickman have suffered enough, and we appeal to the nobler sentiment of our country people not to heed these false reports.

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**Citizen Tax-Payers!**

I do not wish to be considered harsh, nor do I wish to speculate on your delinquency. But I am constrained to tell you candidly who have not paid their taxes for the year 1878, \$100.00 or less, the same will be paid promptly I shall levy upon and sell your property. Remember that the law allows fifty cents for every day and six percent additional, all of which must be paid before the tax becomes due. Shall I make these costs, or will you pay up and save it? That is the question. I mean business.

Respectfully,  
J. B. WALKER, Sheriff.

**Local Items.**

DR. RAGLAND, the proprietor of England's Lightning Relief, a splendid remedy, visited Hickman this week.

Dr. Ragland's celebrated Lightning Balsam is a sure cure for rheumatism and neuralgia. For sale by Buck & Cowgill.

COL. J. H. HICKMAN, the greatator, lectured at Fulton on this county last Saturday.

In your liver troubles you buy Simon's Liver Medicine, in green wrapper. Buck & Cowgill.

Ploughing is the order of the day with the industrious and provident farmer.

DR. PARKER, a skillful Dentist, recently of Jackson, Tenn., has arrived in Hickman, and has located here for the practice of his profession.

**Piano for Sale.**  
Piano at J. Amberg's Sons.  
H. C. AMBERG.

READY FOR BUSINESS—Dave Upshaw announces that he has a regular licensed wagon and dray, and is ready to serve the public at any hour on reasonable terms.

What is it that never fails to cure sick or nervous headache? Ragland's Lightning Balsam. For sale by Buck & Cowgill.

THE steamer A. C. Donally was burned to the water's edge, seven miles this side of Hickman, Friday night last. The right of the same was plainly visible from Hickman. No lives lost, but several passengers crippled.

**NEW CROP OF SUGAR, MOLASSES,**  
and Rice, at very low prices, at  
J. AMBERG'S SONS.

**ERRATA**—In the published proceedings of the Democratic Convention last week, the names of the delegates to the State Convention were left out. They are: H. A. Tyler, Geo. Warren, T. C. Parker, Taylor Bard, Dr. F. M. Usher, G. S. Miles, W. L. Alexander, N. M. Hammonds, Deb Watson and Wm. Tyler, and all other good Democrats of the county.

**PERSONAL**—Prof. Oliver Guinard, portrait painter, with whose work we assist this community is well acquainted, has returned to Hickman, and has taken rooms at the Laddie House. He has just completed a life sized portrait of our townsmen, Mr. Dee Barnes, which is commanded by all as an excellent life-like picture. It is on exhibition at the house of J. H. Plant & Bro.

**HICKMAN AND ST. LOUIS PACKET LINE**—The steamers Du Smet and the Nashville are organized into a line to carry freight from St. Louis to Hickman, and thence south by rail, and will be known as the Du Smet line. We are informed that this line is now bringing freight from 15 to 20 percent lower than the Anchor line. Shippers should make no mistake here.

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The Old Newspaper Western Kentucky.  
**George Warren, Editor.**  
**Price of Subscription, 82.**

FRIDAY, : : : : FEB 21 1879

In accordance with the time-honored and constitutional faith of the Democratic party we hold that the money of the United States is gold and silver coin or paper currency convertible into such coin at the will of the holder.—[From all our old Democratic Platforms.]

FOR GOVERNOR,  
**Dr. Luke P. Blackburn,**  
OF JEFFERSON.

For Auditor.  
We are authorized to announce Papersette Hartman, Esq., as a candidate for the office of Auditor of Public Accounts, subject to the action of the Democratic Convention, May 1, 1879.

FOR THE STATE SENATE.  
We are authorized to announce Dr. A. J. Watson, of Hickman County, to represent the counties of Fulton, Graves and Hickman in the next Senate of Kentucky.

We are authorized to announce Dr. W. C. Vaughn, of Greenup County, to represent the counties of Fulton, Graves and Hickman in the next Senate of Kentucky. Subject to a Demo- cratic convention.

Certain.  
That Grant will be the Republican nominee in 1880.  
That Tilden will be the Democratic nominee.

ANOTHER NOT.  
A Nashville correspondent of the Memphis *Advertiser* is anxious for the statement that the State of Tennessee has resources from the leases of the State prison about \$75,000 a year as the State's share of the profits.—[exchange.]

If it is a fact, and we understand the official figures sustain it, that the people of Tennessee derive \$75,000 annually from their State penitentiary, does it not behove Kentucky to adopt the same system? The Kentucky penitentiary, instead of being a source of revenue to the State, is a source of expense. Some of those, who have been members of the Legislature, should explain why, in the face of the Tennessee example, it is thus.

Endorsing a Batter.  
The name of the Hon. Thos. Cobb, of Ballard county, is being presented for the nomination for the office of Lt. Governor. The Hon. Tom booted the ticket up the first Boone Turner race, and supported Turner against the nominee. In the next race he meandered his hold and supported the nominee. The orthodox papers at Mayfield and Clinton now have the pleasant duty of commanding him to the "brethren" of the State, or forever holding their peace. We have no choice in the race now, but why some "bathers" are held up to eternal political execration, and no hope of forgiveness held out to them, and others are commended for high office, we don't exactly think "consists." That's all. If "amnesty" is the word, let it apply to all.

Fever in the South.  
The *Courier Journal*, which, by the way, is the greatest of newspapers published, has recently sent a special correspondent into the South to ascertain the truth or falsity of the reports of the recent outbreak of yellow fever at different points, on last Saturday, publishes an authentic and satisfactory contradiction of the whole report.

This report is given from interviews with the best physicians and the most reliable sources. They say there has been no yellow fever since last December, and nothing resembling it.

These interviews with leading physicians and those who have had the most experience with yellow fever, express the conviction that there will not be any yellow fever epidemic in the South the coming summer, unless brought from abroad, to the fact that every point is taking unusual and thorough sanitary precautions.

**THE PUBLIC HEALTH.**

**What Ought to be Done in the Winter.**

In the last issue of the Louisville *Medical News*, Dr. L. P. Yandell has an article on "The Late Yellow Fever Outbreak in Louisville." After detailing the history of the visitation he proceeds to the consideration of questions connected with the promotion of public health. We make an extract:

A Good Step.  
Hon. G. W. Carleton, who is representing Pendleton county in the Missouri Legislature, has introduced a bill in that body. The caption of the bill is as follows:

An act to provide for the formation of drainage districts to reclaim and drain the swamp and overflooded lands in the State, and to employ the labor of the convicts confined in the State penitentiary for that behalf.

The object aimed at is one that will be of vast interest to the people of Southeast Missouri, provided such becomes a law. It has been reported back by the Committee on Swamp Lands (of which committee Mr. C. is chairman), to whom it was referred, and said committee recommend its passage.

The *Courier-Journal* thinks that Yandell's position in the profession ought to secure for his opinions the highest consideration. Notice that the work of purification ought to be done now—not postponed till warm weather.

**All for the Poor Man.**

The very drift of dissatisfaction seems to have possession of the working man in England. For three days accounts have come from Liverpool of the trouble experienced by shippers in sending live stock on the stocks. There is not a week that goes by without a week without its report of labor troubles in England. With a year or so more of such doings and a continued free trade policy there will be ample employment for America's capital, though it is a very bad winter to be blowing good to any country.—[Exchange.]

There is not a politician from Maine to Louisiana, and we dare say, there never has been one since the commencement of our government, who has not been professing an earnest desire to legislate for the benefit of the "poor man." And yet the "poor man" has to sweat, toil, and drudge, and starve, may be all the same, as if these kind hearted politicians were not doing everything in their power to improve their condition. We are not going to print a tirade of abuse against the politicians, because we contend that the "politician" is a necessary part of a Republican government, and that they are filling the exact parts intended under our institutions. Thus, there is a deal of demagogery practiced, but these pernicious doings are bringing up the end of the people, as the worse and accept the better ones. We even regard a man as a dangerous public man who is entirely free from all taints of demagogery. The protection of a people in the enjoyment of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness is in their own intelligence. Encourage the politicians—the "demagogue" if you wish to call him so, who claims to advocate measures for the good of the people; but, in our judgment, the man who proposes any policy, which is to give an advantage to one class of people over another, is a monstrous humbug. So happens that there are more poor men who are voters than there are rich ones, and hence the persistent effort of office seekers to make themselves the champions of the "poor man's rights."

We assert that every time will injure the rich man will injure the poor man, and any law which will benefit the rich man will benefit the poor man and vice versa.

In this view comes the numerous laws attempting to regulate and control the use of money. Ad. also, that class of laws intended to delay and obstruct the collection of money. Of course, any sensible man will admit that his money is his property, and human nature admits that the owner desires to use it to the best advantage. Now then, is it not clear that any law which delays the collection of money or renders its collection less certain, will be quite as well understood by the owner as the borrower, and is it not equally clear that the poor will make the borrower in some way pay for the delays and uncertainties caused by the law. These things are generally classified as laws for the "relief of the poor man," but, in fact, are they not laws to burden the poor man?

State Historical Society.  
The meeting of the State Historical Society on Tuesday evening, this issue of which was as fully successful as its most recent friends have anticipated.

No better assurance of its firm establishment can be asked in Kentucky than the co-operation of the several distinguished gentlemen whose names appear in its proceedings.—[Frankfort, Ky.]

In this neck of the woods, which the blab grass brethren scarcely regard as a part of the State, disinterested by reason of pauperism and manifold other alleged disabilities, we would like to put in a word of approval of this effort to organize a State Historical Society. We feel that if Kentucky or Kentuckians could be made better acquainted with the "Western end" of the State, they would think better of us and take us into full fellowship as Kentuckians. We like to be considered Kentuckians, and we feel a common pride in her history, traditions and people.

In the meeting of the Historical Society referred to by the *Courier*, some asked the Hon. Isaac Caldwell, the orator of the occasion, "What about Jackson Purchase?" The distinguished gentleman was compelled to confess that, so far as he knew, "not a word of Kentucky Constitution is not satisfied, and suggests that Dr. Blackburn himself should publish a card making the denial. We doubt not, if the master could be brought to the Doctor's mind in time, he would do so; but, do what he will, it will convince those who don't want to be convinced?

Endorsing the Courier.  
Never, in our experience of twenty years as editor of a newspaper, have we received as many letters from our readers commanding the positions taken by us on public questions.

The people realize the fact that the Kentucky State Constitution is a clumsy old document; that there is too much legislation and too many officers; that there is too much power to that ends, also the sink holes of crime. The most blighting curses recorded in the Bible are pronounced against cities, and it is a well known matter of social and legal history that the larger they grow to be the more corrupt, wicked and licentious do they become. Nor is it true that cities give birth to the greatest men. It is very rare that any man who very greatly distinguishes himself is born in a city.—Louisville Courier.

The Social Problem.  
The large cities of this country are the granaries of thought, intelligence and beneficial deeds, and upon the cities the country will have to depend for its salvation.—[Extract from Tallage's Sermon.]

We regret to observe such a tendency of such influences, and is causing many to urge a constitutional amendment disqualifying a Governor from holding a seat in the United States Senate for a term of years after the expiration of his term as Governor.

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